

Little Neighbor

She was such a pretty child, as pretty as could be.
The blondest hair and bluest eyes this little girl of three.
She lived next door and I would often see her play outside,
Putting all her dollies in a wagon for a ride.

I often thought how beautiful she would be when she's grown.
She was just the cutest thing as she played there all alone.
I only knew her parents from a passing wave or "Hi."
They did not want to socialize each time that I would try.

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They never bother anyone the other neighbors say,
And the little girl can only go out back to play.
You only see them come and go, they never stay outside.
You wonder when they act like that, have they something to hide?

One day I heard them arguing much louder than before.
As I looked out, the little girl was standing by her door.
Her little face was bruised and tears were running down her cheek.
I wanted to go over there, but I was scared and meek.

Finally, when the screaming stopped and everything was calm,
I saw the little girl was being held close to her Mom.
Her Mother rocked her back and forth and she was crying, too.
Just standing in the back yard, there was nothing I could do.

There was nothing I could do that would be of any use.
This Mother and this little girl were suffering abuse.
She had better call someone and get this thing resolved,
But it is not my business and I cannot get involved.

As I spoke with neighbors about what went on next door,
They all agreed that it was sad, it's something we abhor.
It's something we must overlook, we cannot interfere,
But now we sing a different tune as we are gathered here.

The neighborhood feels guilty, for we looked the other way.
Are we all responsible for being here today?
We feel the anger and the shame, because we all stood by,
Knowing now we could have helped, but didn't even try.

And now this little three-year-old, so beautiful to me,
Surrounded by her dollies just the way she loved to be,
Is in a little casket with her body limp and frail.
Her Mom is in intensive care, her Dad is now in jail.

The funeral home is quiet, because we all realize,
The reason we must get involved is right before our eyes.
Abuse, in any form, is something we must all resent,
And fight with every tool we have to save our innocent.

